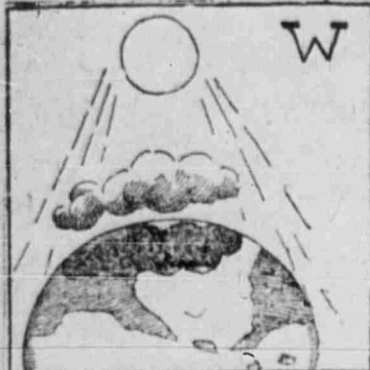


The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 43 to 50 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.
VOLUME 47. NO. 16,743.

WEATHER.



WEATHER depends on the winds and the sun. The revolutions of the earth are the original cause of most winds, though the sun is the motive power.

The long delayed warm spell came at last because the revolution of the earth around the sun had brought New York as directly under the sun's rays as it ever gets, and the winds from the southwest sweeping over large areas of heated territory absorbed warmth and brought a higher temperature with them. South winds are naturally warmer than north winds, since they come from a hotter territory. Their temperature depends upon the amount of heat rays which the air and the earth absorb from the sun, and the strength of these rays naturally depends on their number and directness.

In the tropic zone the earth's surface receives more heat rays to the square foot than in the temperate or the frigid zone. That is because in the tropic zone the plane of the earth's surface is almost at right angles to the sun's rays, while near the poles the angle of the earth's surface is more nearly parallel to the sun's rays, and therefore a given area of surface receives fewer rays. If the axis of the earth were parallel to the sun's rays one pole would have a tropical temperature and the other pole would be in continual dusk and frigidity.



The revolution of the earth on its own axis from west to east would mean a constant east wind if there were no other factors than the sun's heat and the earth's motion to affect the wind. But the presence of large bodies of water over a great part of the globe and the high mountain ranges running north and south tend to alter the natural force of the winds and to give changeable weather.

The oceans yield the moisture to the extent of the absorbing power of the air. The warmer the air the more moisture it will hold. Damp air is heavier than dry air at the same temperature. It therefore tends to fall.

A barometer is the instrument which measures the weight of the air. Heavy moisture-laden air makes the barometer register high. The air in an area of high barometer always tends to flow to areas of low barometer, seeking its own level just as water does. Thus the moisture-saturated air over an ocean or large lake tends to flow over the land. A lowering of the temperature of this air condenses its moisture and produces rain. It is not the rain which cools the air, but the cooling of the air which produces the rain.

During the summer an east wind in this neighborhood almost always brings rain. A southeast wind brings showers. A southwest wind makes the day hot.

From early spring on into the fall the temperature of the Atlantic Ocean is colder than the temperature of the land. Accordingly hot breezes from the land have their temperature lowered when they approach the ocean and their percentage of humidity increased. That is the reason that so many summer days are muggy and why the mugginess comes on hot days and not on cold days. If the weather were cold the mugginess would be precipitated in the form of rain, hail or snow. It takes a combination of heat and moisture to make uncomfortable humidity.

The higher clouds appear in the sky, unless their color is gray or dark instead of white, the more likely the weather is to be clear. The lower and darker the clouds the more likely is rain. The safest sign of weather is the wind. A west wind carries little moisture. An east wind comes damp from the ocean.

If the weather bureau could regulate the winds it would control the temperature and the humidity.

Letters from the People.

"The New York Eye."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The New York eye is the most striking feature which impressed me in your city. I have not seen it so prominently developed in any other city of the United States. This eye is quick, shifting, volatile, alert, talking, artful, cold, calculating; and in most cases has the expression and glimmer of distrust and insincerity. You see it typically developed in chauffeurs, motormen, street railroad conductors, sailors and hotel clerks, and their servants whose eyes are always on the soil vixen to get the last dollar from their guests. The eyes of merchants and storekeepers almost shine with brilliancy, alertness and readiness in giving up their customers in order to sell them home values. The eye of a politician is always on the politician's eye. The suspicious eye is manifested in a most democratic way among passengers in street cars and in other public conveyances. The passenger's eye seems to say to his neighboring seat-mate, "I believe that you are a thief, and the villainous face of the neighbor's eye seems to reply, "You are another." This shifting, suspicious eye manifests itself in embryo even in the children and youths of the city, where they are prematurely forced to work in shops, factories, offices, etc. The suspicious look in public conveyances seems to be partially justified, as I was forcibly re-

minded during my few days' stay in the city, as my pockets were rifled of valuables three times by some half-dressed brigades who rightfully singled me out as the Heisenberg coin to be taken.

A Wife's Grievance.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will readers please advise me if a husband ought to compel his wife to live with his parents when he knows it is breaking her heart and knows how she longs for a home of her own. Please discuss this.
HEARTBROKEN.

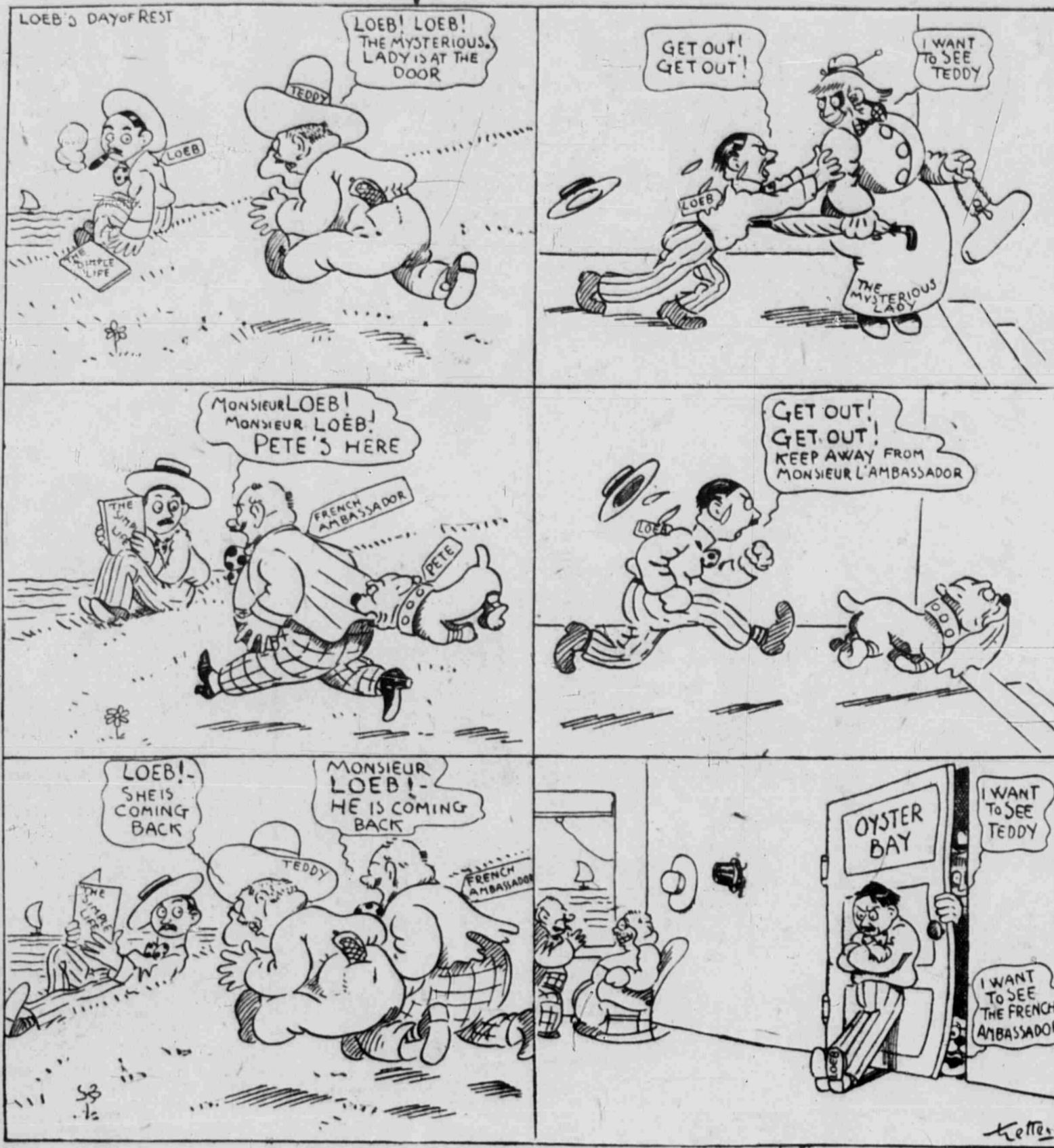
Blue for Boy, Pink for Girl.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is the proper color for a baby boy? Pink or blue?
MARTINE.

What Shall She Do?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will experienced readers please advise a young girl what she should do in the best of position for her to seek? She has finished five classes in High School and is very intelligent. She thinks your readers could advise her as to the best prospects offered by the various lines of work open to women.
O. B.

On Side Nearest Curb.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In case a gentleman is walking with two ladies, should he walk between them or on the outside?
G. H. F.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Wedded Bliss and the Cook.

By Nikola Greeley Smith.

A MAN in Madison, Ill., has just killed himself because the cook left. According to the cook's story, she was discharged by the wife and ordered to remain by the husband. Being a wise lady, she left, and the man forthwith committed suicide.

The most frequent aphorism in the mouths of aged and presumably wise women is that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. The Greeks thought that useful organ the seat of the soul. If both these theories by chance be true and a man suffers a loss in both heart and soul when the cook leaves, it is a wonder that so few suicides result from her departure.

There is as yet no State in the forty-seven where the exodus of the cook constitutes by itself grounds for divorce. But were the attention of some enterprising Western Legislature called to this omission it might be remedied. Then the husband problem and the servant problem would be merged in one and life would be simplified by just so much. Discussion of how to keep a husband would be reduced to the consideration of how to propitiate the hired girl and in the domestic circle all would be merry as the dinner bell.

Considered in its serious aspect, the action of the Illinois man seems to be

indefensible. No other husband is so aggravating as he who attempts to interfere with that dominion over her own household which the meekest Griselda of a wife considers rightfully to be hers. The one indisputable right of wifehood is that of firing the cook. Foolish, indeed, is the husband who disputes it. Perhaps, however, it was not the present evil that drove the Illinois husband to self-destruction, but the fear of greater evils to come. He may have thought his wife was going to do the cooking herself!

"Carrie is a fine girl," said a husband in noble tribute to his wife the other day. "She doesn't know how to cook, and she doesn't try!"

Of course, every wife should know how to cook. But so long as every wife doesn't, the gratitude of a man to the woman who didn't try is easily comprehensible.

The woman ignorant of those ordinary domestic accomplishments necessary to the making of a comfortable home who marries a poor man is about on a par with the man who wed without any idea of how his wife is to be supported. Perhaps the Illinois man had a wife of this stamp and his terror at the departure of the cook was justified by experience. Men live so much in the present that it is likely he could not see beyond the interval of burnt steak and muddy coffee that must intervene before the blissful era of a new cook.

His taking off is a warning to wives who neglect to minister to the hearts and souls—in other words, the stomachs—of their husbands.

Bill Hustle, of Harlem.

By H. Methfessel.



LOST IN TRAINING.
Napoleon—I'm learning to play the military games.
"What terms?"
"A dollar down and a dollar when you've given up all hopes!"—Chicago Daily News.

EASY TERMS.
"The payments ain't so hard."
"What terms?"
"A dollar down and a dollar when you've given up all hopes!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A SURE SIGN.
"The Brice's honeymoon is over."
"What makes you think so?"
"When they go out together on a rainy day now each carry their own umbrella!"—American Spectator.

AT THE THEATRE.
Mrs. De Flirt (to her husband): Jack, that man in the box hasn't taken his eyes off me for a full half hour.
De Flirt—How do you know?—Family Journal.

GERTRUDE BARNUM Talks to Girls

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maids?

EARLY this morning at a ferry landing I met a small army of young girls on their way to work. Though they had been up for hours, most of them were not yet awake and seemed not to have much to wake for. Hastily and shabbily dressed, pale, sleepy-eyed, on little run-down heads which told of much weary walking and standing, they stumbled into the roaring, crowded city and wended their way toward—somewhere.

Every morning, it seems, on the 4th boat from Staten Island, summer and winter, in good and bad weather, come these girls, who have walked long distances in the dark or dawn, to the electric car, have ridden on the trolley half an hour or so, changed to the ferry for another half hour's trip, and still have ahead of them a long walk or ride to their workplaces. Surely they are taking a great deal of trouble to go somewhere. Where?

We know some of the places where people work all their daylight hours away, and we cannot wonder at the reluctance with which they drag themselves workward. There are many days, weeks, months and years stretching ahead for those ferry girls. Where are their daily trips leading them? Are they drifting along hopelessly, or are they steaming and steering toward some attractive haven in life? What is their goal?

Most girls of all classes have very hazy ideas as to where they are going. Chaffs and huffs send them in this direction and that, putting them to great trouble to get back and forth, and in and out, and round about, and all to no good purpose.

For instance, last Sunday a girl named Helen asked me to go with her to see a girl named Ida. Helen had taken great pains to dress becomingly for this occasion, having heard that Ida had a brother. Chattering incessantly, she led me briskly down the street for some distance. But when I inquired what car we were to take she stopped and laughed, whirled me around and started back in the direction from which we had just come so energetically.

"Back to the woods," she said. "I take the 'L' every day and I've got the habit. We ought to take the Subway."

She was about to get into the Lexington Avenue Subway car when I asked if that was the right one. After she had consulted the guard we took the Broadway express. As we whizzed past Eighty-fifth street she rushed to the conductor in bewilderment, and when she came back she said, "I am the limit. We will have to cross over at Ninety-sixth and come back. We're getting more than our money's worth, all right." She resumed our former conversation as though quite used to little episodes like this, and she would have ridden past Eighty-seventh street again if I had not gotten her off there. Next, she began a wild hunt through her bag for Ida's address. That bag was like a boy's pockets. It contained gum, string, picture postals, Buster Brown clippings, soiled handkerchiefs, stick-pins, rubber bands—everything but Ida's address.

"Search me!" she exclaimed at last in dismay.

We had to go to Mary's house to get the address, and by the time we got to Ida's she and her brother had given us up and gone out, so we came home again. I tried to be very tactful, thinking my companion must be deeply humiliated by the idiotic waste of time and strength; but she said, philosophically: "It will all be the same a hundred years from now."

Then I was cross. "If every one is as witless as we have been this morning," I said, "things will all be a good deal worse a hundred years from now. Fortunately, some people are not running helplessly around like squirrels in a cage."

Instead of hastily wandering about in wrong directions on the chance of some one's having some sort of a brother who might take a fancy to her, a girl should be sharpening all her wits and fitting herself for womanhood, with a real purpose and direction in life. Otherwise she will marry, by chance, some chip of a man who happens to be drifting in her direction, and their children and their children's children will be drifting down current with the rest of the float and leech.

Life is a problem, not a lottery. It has its logical working out, and every girl can get the answer and win a prize if she will use her will power and brains. Girls should all believe in, desire and search for the happiness of skilful work, the recreation of physical and intellectual exercise, and the inspiration of the higher life of the spirit, which makes human souls immortal. How dare girls degrade their natures by a dull routine of drudgery, dissipation and sleep?

Wake up! Wake up! Where are you going, my pretty maids?

The Story of The Streets of New York.

By J. Alexander Patten, An Old New Yorker.

No. 11—Old Wall Street and Its Rulers.

IF you walked along Wall street in the old days you could meet in the course of the day every prominent merchant and capitalist. William B. Astor came there every day, no matter how stormy. He walked from his big brick house on Lafayette place, next to the Astor Library, to his office on Prince street, near Broadway, and down to Wall street.

He was a rather tall man, with a pleasant face and plain manners. He knew everything about real estate, stocks and bonds, and domestic and foreign directors' meetings at banks and insurance companies and dominated everything by his intelligence and comprehensive views. Mrs. Astor, a matronly, motherly woman, looked after social matters with much interest and dignity, and her husband confided in her judgment and aided her.

William B. Astor never forgot the example and lessons of his father. The richer he became the more proud was he of the beginnings of the family, as shown in an old advertisement that appeared in a New York paper in 1789. Here is a copy of it:

"John Jacob Astor, at Number 81 Queen street (25 Peard street), next door but one to the Friends' Meeting-House, has for sale an assortment of Furs—Furs of the newest construction, made by the best makers in London, which he will sell on reasonable terms. He gives cash for all kinds of furs, and has for sale a lot of Canada beaver and beaver coating, racoon skins, &c."

Robert Lenox devoted himself to the care of his great collection of manuscripts, rare editions and works of art in his great brownstone house at Fifth Avenue and Tenth street. He later transferred these to his noble gift, the Lenox Library building. I may mention that this latter property, at Seventy-second street, was originally a farm on the outskirts of the city. Though now worth millions, James Lenox, father of Robert, when a merchant, bought it for only \$12,000, and says in his will that it may some day be the site of a village. It was in 1796 that James Lenox established the house known in later times as Maitland, Phelps & Co., merchants and bankers, in Exchange place. In the following year he published an advertisement of a new firm, which I give as a curiosity:

Notice.
THE partnership which subsisted between WILLIAM HILL and JAMES LENOX, under the firm of HILL and LENOX, having expired—all persons who have demands against said firm are desired to present them for settlement. And those indebted, are requested to make payment to WM. HILL, who is duly authorized to receive same and close the concern.
WILLIAM HILL, JAMES LENOX.
Jas. Lenox and Wm. Maitland, Have entered into copartnership under the firm of LENOX & MAITLAND.
217 Counting House, No. 3 William street, formerly Mr. Oyster's, October 2.

Moses Taylor early in life was a clerk at \$50 a year, and was a self-made man, building up a shipping business, developing the National City Bank and insurance companies and then taking hold of railroads, coal and iron properties. He lived on lower Fifth Avenue, with merchants all about him. His wife lived in this residence until a few years ago. She was a plain, domestic lady, who always seemed in a dream at the colossal fortune that came to her husband.

That sturdy looking young man going along at Wall street so erectly in Samuel Sloan, now an old man, but with a great fortune invested in railroads, gas, &c. Coming from the door of a bank is an erect, handsome man just in the turn of life with a flower in his buttonhole. This is Moses H. Grinnell, of Grinnell, Minn., and Co., who lived in a grand house on the corner of Fourteenth street and Fifth Avenue, which was afterward occupied by Delmonico's.

Side Lights of a Great Siege.

GEN. SMIRNOFF writes of Gen. Stoessel's conduct during the siege of Port Arthur, according to the Chicago News: "The timidity of Stoessel was such that he never appeared in the fighting lines, but he abused the population as 'poitrons' and 'rascals.' When, in September, several shells fell near our lodgings, Stoessel moved to the house of Gen. Volkoff, in another part of the town. His flowers and part of his household things had been moved when a shell struck Volkoff's house. 'The things were then taken back to the old place. Toward the end of November the enemy began shelling us from eleven-inch mortars, and Stoessel again removed, this time to the vicinity of the barracks of the Tenth regiment, which was out of range. There he lived in perfect safety until the enemy was able to shell this quarter also. Thereupon he hastened to surrender. Such pusillanimity made him the constant laughing stock and only of the officers but of the rank and file and civilians as well, but whenever he caught any one ridiculing him he took the cruelest vengeance."